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esiste nè può aspettarsi' in direct polarity to F. A. Wolf's 'carmina prope sponte nascuntur'. Ossian may have been responsible for Wolf as the Nibelungen may have been responsible for Lachmann. Grote's Ilias proper and Achilleis find no favor in M. Bréal's eyes nor any of the dissections of the *Kleinliederjäger*. The theory of an Ur-Ilias has no charm for him. It is necessary to discard so much—the *Τειχοσκοπία*, the *Πρεσβεία*, the *Ἑκτορος καὶ Ἀνδρομάχης ὁμιλία*, the *Διομήδους ἀριστεία*, the *Μενελάου ἀριστεία*, all that follows the death of Hektor, even the interview between Achilles and Priam—one of the most beautiful scenes in all literature, says Gottfried Hermann. The Iliad under this treatment 'resembles a French tragedy under the Empire', and it would be the first time in the history of literature that all the beauties of a work had come from the interpolators. This growth from within is not compatible with the hypothesis of a popular origin. It is true that poets have seized upon a legend and enlarged its proportions so as to make of it a drama or an epopee. But it has always been the genius of an individual that has wrought this prodigy. The inevitable conclusion would be a return to the one Homer. But M. Bréal is satisfied with his guild and his *δοιδός*, whose name has been associated with the great poems; and he winds up this half of the book with some specimens of the minute analysis that has characterized recent Homeric research, and with the admission of the probability that writing served as an aid and as a guide to the *δοιδός*, a singer at least in name.

The *Lexilogus* half of the volume lies beyond my competence, and for that matter the review as far as it has gone is only a *Brief Mention* that has outgrown its limits, and must not be taken more seriously than the other bits of cork with which I try to float my trimestrial net. In this department of the Journal I cannot always command the help that I crave.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

The Higher Study of English. By ALBERT S. COOK, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906. Pp. 145.

Professor Cook's volume is timely. Never, perhaps, since English became a recognized academic study have its teachers manifested greater divergence regarding their function. On its literary side, we are asked, can English be taught at all? Or, a larger question, can any literature be taught? If so, how? Apart from language?—apart from the body in which it is incarnate? Such questions rest, of course, upon a problem still more fundamental, though one that has not in general been sharply defined

or patiently meditated: *why* should we study literature, and, notably, why our own? Without making any pretense at being a systematic treatise on the pedagogics of English, the present book does, directly or indirectly, contain well matured answers to these and similar questions; and coming from one who is not merely a scholar of international authority, and not merely a gifted writer and delicate critic, but a powerful and philosophic teacher as well, the answers may be profitably taken to heart and pondered. For he does not speak as the scribes.

The volume is made up of four 'occasional' papers: (1) The Province of English Philology, a presidential address delivered before the Modern Language Association in 1897, and pleading for a larger interpretation (the German) of a much abused term; (2) The Teaching of English, an historical sketch, reprinted from the Atlantic for May, 1901; (3) The Relation of Words to Literature, from an address given at Vassar in February, 1906; and (4) Aims in the Graduate Study of English, a paper read at Princeton the month before. The several essays now come before a wider public without essential change; no attempt has been made to give them artificial correlation. They 'overlap' somewhat, as their author says. They do not in the ordinary sense repeat. However, underlying all their variety of argument and illustration, or rather animating it, there is a philosophy of teaching that is at one with itself, as well as consistent with experience. It is not, like an abstract pedagogy, separable from a knowledge of the subject to be taught, or from the personality of the teacher, or from that of the pupil, or from the concrete practice of great historic teachers; it is at once eclectic and individual.

And what sort of answers will this philosophy afford to the simple questions we have outlined above?

Literature can be taught because it must be; the impulse to orderly and thorough knowledge is inherent in our better natures. It can be taught because it has been; because those who have produced the best literature, above all, the ancients, believed that it ought to be studied. What can be studied can be taught. What the ancients, and the wisest of their followers, taught and learned, Americans can yet learn and teach, if they are trained approximately after the fashion of Milton, Dante, and the Greeks. The answer here is optimistic, though it does not point to the path of least resistance.

Again, *how* is literature to be taught? Apart from the language wherein it is enfolded? Apart from the national soul that has made and is making the language? The answer is obvious. Yet the obvious answer implies that in order to understand Milton or Shakespeare as either deserves to be understood, we must have among other things a substantial acquaintance with history and historical grammar. But once more: in order to teach literature, must we really teach *litteras*? Does not the letter kill? No, the letter is also alive, has its share of the spirit that informs the whole organism; *spiritus intus alit*. 'Soule is forme, and

doth the bodie make'—even to the minutest cell. The teacher and the student of the humanities must count nothing that is human as beneath notice. Every jot and tittle of the law is instinct with life. Those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary; and those parts of the body which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor.

On the other hand, shall we study language apart from literature, that is, apart from passion, thought, and sentiment? In the final analysis we cannot. Woe to us if we blindly persist in an effort so unnatural! Nevertheless, for most persons at some time, and by a few specialists much of the time, stress must be laid upon the linguistic side of philology (the only proper term to embrace both linguistics and *belles-lettres*). Such stress is necessary either for the individual or for the general progress in discovering, communicating, and perpetuating what is best in the life of the past and the present.

In the last sentence lies the solution of that more deeply seated yet simple question mooted at the beginning. We study literature through language, we study the past in all its manifestations, in order to discover, to communicate, and to perpetuate what is best in humanity. We study English in order to do this for people of our own blood; the love of letters is patriotic and begins at home. We study English in order that we may have racial life and have it more abundantly.

But what is life? No one can define it. Yet all of us know it. We can at least classify it. First, then, and most important, there is what Wordsworth calls moral life. As the ancients demanded of a poet that he be first of all a good man, so as not to miss the beauty which is inherent in the moral order, similarly the teacher of English must be, however indirectly, a moral teacher. However indirectly, it is the nature of teaching to be didactic. To say that we must teach either truth or beauty by indirection is merely to say that no end can be attained without means. The point is, to keep the end in view.

To summarize as we have done, in our own words, is doubtless to confine Professor Cook's thought within unduly narrow limits, and to rob it of its concreteness—certainly to suppress the specific adaptations it undergoes in the several essays with reference to different aspects and needs of American education. However, instead of marring any of his illustrations by taking them out of their context (where every teacher of English ought to read them), we prefer to cite one or two illustrations which Professor Cook himself might have used, drawing them from sources similar to those on which the best part of his theory and practice is based, that is, from the best poets and critics.

When, for example, it is urged, as in some quarters it has been lately, that literature cannot be taught, or at least that the teacher of English cannot in general propose to himself as his chief and final aim to impart a sense of literary values, we may urge in return the conviction of Wordsworth that literature ought to be

studied, and the belief of Coleridge that it can be taught, and taught according to a conscious method suitable to schools.

Thus Wordsworth, dividing all readers into five main classes, credits only the fifth, composed of students, with any sureness of appreciation: "And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*." That his conception of study included inquiry into things small as well as great, and into technical matters which some of our wiseacres nowadays would exclude from the class-room incontinently, is evident; for, having in mind the equipment of the poet and the properly trained reader of poetry, he says of the rest: "There can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages through which words have passed." This seems exactly in the tenor of the essay on *The Relation of Words to Literature*.

And the following, from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, is even more striking in its harmony with the method advocated by Professor Cook throughout; it contains implicitly more than one weighty principle which space has forbidden us to mention.

"At school (Christ's Hospital)", says Coleridge, "I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time, a very severe master, the Reverend James Bowyer. He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius (in such extracts as I then read), Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so-called, silver and brazen ages; but with even those of the Augustan era: and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons: and they were the lessons too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him, that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word. . . . He sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts, which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage."

Unfortunately, these have not been the "usual courses of learning," or anything like them, perhaps since the days of Saint Augustine. Were they general now, the author of *The Higher Study of English* might, finally, be supported by the authority of Augustine's mother: "because she accounted that those usual courses of learning would not only be no hindrance, but even some help towards attaining Thee in time to come."